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HAILE & SON SQUARE. Walnut case, rosewood case, ivory keys, 3 pedals, good as new.....\$15	LECKERLING UPRIGHT. Mahogany case, carved panel, colonial design, ivory keys, Boudoir size.....\$220
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HAILE & SON SQUARE. Walnut case, seven octaves, carved music rack, good as new.....\$25	LECKERLING. Walnut case, late models, 3 pedals, full mellow tone, good as new.....\$265
HAILE & SON SQUARE. Walnut case, hand carved legs, perfect condition, good as new.....\$40	WISSNER UPRIGHT. Studio size, mahogany case, fancy panel, carved legs rare bargain.....\$215
HAILE & SON SQUARE. Walnut case, hand carved legs, perfect condition, good as new.....\$40	GILBERT UPRIGHT. Mahogany case, Boudoir size, 3 pedals, plain panel, up-to-date model.....\$175
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The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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Lady Agnes bent over and dropped her face into her hands. She was trembling convulsively. Brodney did not show the slightest sign that he had heard the galling words.

At a single sharp command the six men picked up the three chests and moved off rapidly down the road, Rasula striding ahead with the flaring torch.

They were barely out of sight when Deppingham moved as though impulse was driving him into immediate attack upon the guards who were left behind with the unhappy prisoners. Chase laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Wait! Plenty of time. Wait an hour. Don't spoil everything. We'll save them sure," he breathed in the other's ear.

The minutes slipped by with excruciating slowness. The wakeful eyes of the three watchers missed nothing that took place in the little grassy grove below them. They could have sprung almost into the center of the group from the position they occupied. Two of the men sat with their backs to the rocks, their rifles across their knees. The others sprawled lastly upon the soft grass. Two torches stuck in the earth threw a weird light over the scene.

Bobby Browne was now lying with his shoulder against a fallen tree trunk, staring with unswerving gaze at the woman across the way. She was looking off into the night, steadfastly refusing to glance in his direction.

Then suddenly Lady Agnes arose to her feet and lifted her hands high toward the black dome of heaven, Salambo-like, and prayed aloud to her God, the sneering islanders looking on in silent derision.

CHAPTER XXVIII THE PERSIAN ANGEL

HE MEN called about suddenly leaped to his feet and, with the cry of an eager animal, sprang toward her side. His arms closed about her slender figure with the unmistakable lust of the victor. A hoarse, inarticulate cry of rage burst from Deppingham's lips. His figure shot out through the air and down the short slope with the rush of an infuriated beast. Even as the astonished About



He was felled to the earth by a mighty blow.

dropped his struggling burden to meet the attack of the unexpected deliverer he was felled to the earth by a mighty blow from the rifle which his assailant swung swift and true. His skull was crushed as if it were an eggshell.

Lady Agnes struggled to her feet, wild-eyed, half crazed by the double assault. The next instant she fell forward upon her face, dead to all that was to follow in the next few minutes.

There was no struggle. Chase and Selim were upon the stupefied islanders before they could move, covering them with their rifles. The wretches fell upon their knees and howled for mercy. While Deppingham was holding his wife's limp form in his arms, calling out to her in the agony of fear, utterly oblivious to all else that was happening about him, his two friends were swiftly disarming the groveling natives. Selim's knife severed the cords that bound Bobby Browne's hands. He was staring blankly, dizzily before him.

Ten minutes later Chase was addressing himself to the four islanders who, bound and gagged, were tied by their own sashes to trees some distance from the roadside.

"I've just thought of a little service you fellows can perform for me in return for what I've done for you. All the time you're doing it, however, there will be pistols quite close to your backs. Lady Deppingham is much too weak to take the five mile walk we've got to do in the next two hours—or less. You are to have the honor of carrying her four miles and a half, and you will have to get along the best you can with the gag in your mouths. Two of you form a basket with your hands.

"I'll show you how."

With Selim in the lead the little procession moved swiftly, but cautiously, through the black jungle, bent on reaching the gate if possible before the night lifted. Chase and Bobby Browne brought up the rear with the two reserve carriers in hand. Browne, weak and suffering from torture and exposure, struggled bravely along, determined not to retard their progress by a single moment of indecision.

In his heart Browne was now raging against the fate that had placed him in this humiliating, almost contemptible position. He, and he alone, was responsible for the sufferings that Lady Agnes had endured. It was as gall and wormwood to him that other men had been ordained to save her from the misery that he had created. He could almost have welcomed death for himself and her rather than to have been saved by George Deppingham.

His wife! He could never be the same to her. He had forfeited the trust and confidence of the one loyal believer among them all. And now Lady Deppingham loathed him because his weakness had been greater than hers!

When he would have slain the four helpless islanders with his own hands Hollingsworth Chase had stayed his rage with the single, caustic adjuration:

"Keep out of this, Browne! You've been enough of a boulder without trying that sort of thing."

Tears were in Bobby Browne's eyes as mile after mile he blundered along, his heart bleeding itself dry through the wound those words had made.

It was still pitch dark when they came to the ridge above the park. Through the trees the lights in the chateau could be seen. Lady Agnes opened her eyes, and cried out in tremulous joy.

"You've labored well and faithfully," Chase said to the panting islanders, "and I'm going to reward you. I'm going to set you free, but not yet. Don't rejoice. First we shall tie you securely to four stout trees just off the road. Just as soon as we are inside the walls I'll find some way to let your friends know that you are here."

He and Selim promptly marched the bewildered islanders into the woods. Bobby Browne, utterly exhausted, had thrown himself to the soft earth. Lady Deppingham was standing, swaying, but resolute, her gaze upon the distant friendly windows. After a long, tense moment of indecision she held out her hands, and Deppingham sprang forward in time to catch her as she swayed toward him. She was sobbing in his arms. Bobby Browne's heavy breathing ceased in that instant, and he closed his eyes against the sound that came to them.

Deppingham gently implored her to sit down with him and rest. At last she said:

"I've made you unhappy. I've been so foolish. It has not been fun, either, my husband. God knows it hasn't. You do not love me now."

He did not answer her at once, and she shivered fearfully in his arms. Then he kissed her brow gently.

"I do love you, Agnes," he said intensely. "I will answer for my own love if you can answer for yours. Are you the same Agnes that you were—my Agnes?"

"Will you believe me?"

"Yes."

"I am the same Agnes. I am your Agnes. I am! You do believe me?"

He crushed her close to his breast and then patted her shoulder as a father might have touched an erring child.

At last she spoke: "It is not wholly his fault, George. I was to blame. I led him on. You understand?"

"Poor devil!" said he dryly. "It's a way you have, dear."

The object of this gentle commiseration was staring with gloomy eyes at the lights below. He was saying to himself, over and over again, "If I can only make Drusie understand!"

Chase and Selim came down upon this little low toned picture. The former paused an instant and smiled joyously in the darkness.

"Five men are near the gate," he whispered. "They watch so closely that no one may go to rescue those who have disappeared. Friends are hidden inside the wall, ready to open the gate at a signal. They have waited with Neenah all night. And day is near, sabib."

"We must attack at once," said Chase. "Quiet now!"

Five shadowy figures soon were distinguished huddled close to the wall below the gate. The sense of sight had become keen during those trying hours in the darkness.

The islanders were conversing in low tones, a word or two now and then reaching the ears of the others.

Suddenly a blinding, mysterious light flashed upon the muttering group. As they fell back a voice, low and firm, called out to them:

"Not a sound or you die!"

Four unwavering rifles were bearing upon the surprised islanders, and four very material men were advancing from the ghastly darkness. An electric lantern shot a ray of light athwart the scene.

"Drop your guns—quick!" commanded Chase. "Don't make a row!"

Paralyzed with fear and amazement, the men obeyed.

While the three white men kept their



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The Princess Geneva was standing before him, her hand touching her turban in salute.

covered with their rifles Selim ran to the gate, uttering the shrill cry of a night bird. There was a rush of feet inside the walls, subdued exclamations, then a glad cry.

"Quick!" called Selim. The keys rattled in the locks, the bolts were thrown down, and an instant later Lady Deppingham was flying across the space which intervened between her and the gate.

The men were beside her a moment later, possessed of the weapons of the helpless sentinels. With a crash the gates were closed, and a joyous laugh rang out from the exultant throat of Hollingsworth Chase.

"By the Lord Harry, this is worth while!" he shouted. Outside the mad, dazed guards were sounding the tardy alarm. The first gray shade of day was coming into the night.

He saw Neenah ahead of him, standing still in the center of the gravelled path. Beyond her was the tall figure of a man.

"You are a trump, Neenah," cried Chase, hurrying up to her. "A Persian angel!"

It was not Neenah's laugh that replied. Chase gasped in amazement and then uttered a cry of joy.

The Princess Geneva, slim and erect, was standing before him, her hand touching her turban in true military salute, soft laughter rippling from her lips.

In the exuberance of joy he clasped that little hand and crushed it against his lips.

"You!" he exclaimed.

"Sh!" she warned. "I have retained my guard of honor."

He looked beyond her and beheld the tall, soldierly figure of a Rapp-Thorberg guardsman.

"The devil!" fell involuntarily from his lips.

"Not at all! He is here to keep me from going to the devil!" she cried so merrily that he laughed aloud with her in the spirit of unbounded joy.

"Come! Let us run after the others. I want to run and dance and sing."

He still held her hand as they ran swiftly down the drive, followed closely by the faithful sergeant.

"You are an angel," he said in her ear. She laughed as she looked up into his face.

"Yes—a Persian angel," she cried. "It's so much easier to run well in a Persian angel's costume," she added.

CHAPTER XXIX.
A PRESCRIBED MALADY.

YOU are wonderful, staying out there all night watching for—us." He was about to say "me."

"How could any one sleep? Neenah found this dress for me. Aren't these baggy trousers funny? She rifled the late Mr. Wykeholme's wardrobe. This costume once adorned a sultana. I'm told. I wore it tonight because I was much less conspicuous as a sultana than I might have been had I gone to the wall as a princess."

"I like you best as the princess," he said, frankly surveying her in the gray light.

"I think I like myself as the princess, too," she said naively. He sighed deeply. They were quite close to the excited group on the terrace when she said: "I am very, very happy now, after the most miserable night I have ever known. I was so troubled and afraid!"

"Just because I went away for that little while? Don't forget that I am soon to go out from you for all time. How then?"

"Ah, but then I will have Paris," she cried slyly. He was puzzled by her mood—but then, why not? What could he be expected to know of the moods of royal princesses? No more than he could know of their loves.

Lady Deppingham was got to bed at once. The princess, more thrilled by excitement than she ever had been in her life, attended her friend. In the sanctity of her chamber the exhausted young Englishwoman bared her soul to this wise, sympathetic young woman in Persian vestment.

(To be Continued.)

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